ODE
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THE

PREFACE.

THO' there's no doubt, but that the Gentlemen of the *Grand Jury* of *Middl-ſex*, were piouſly diſpos'd, when, in a late *Preſentment*, they complain'd, that *the Manners of men were more corrupted than ever*, and that *this corruption was chiefly owing to* Geneva; yet I apprehend, that they are very much miſtaken, not only in ſuppoſing the preſent debaucheries are greater than were known in former times, but even in aſſigning the cauſe of them.

For, if we peruſe the Preſentments of ſeveral other *Grand Juries*, near thirty years ago, it will appear from thence, that the world was as wicked then, as we can imagine it to be at preſent, and that that wickedneſs proceeded from drinking the deſtructive compoſition of the *Brewers*.

Now, as I pay the utmoſt regard to the judgment of a Majority, which in every age has been allow'd to be orthodox and deciſive, I find my ſelf under an indiſpenſible obligation of prefering the opinion of *ſeveral* to *one*; and therefore, cannot avoid concluding, that *Ale Houſes*, have been *at leaſt* equally pernicious, with *Geneva Shops*; and tho' *theſe* were totally ſuppreſs'd, yet there would be but ſmall hope of a Reformation, ſo long as *thoſe* were tolerated.

And indeed, to what purpoſe would it be, to prohibit the uſe of any particular Liquor, when others are allow'd, which, while equally abus'd, will produce the like, if not worſe, effects? For, ſo long as men delight in *Drunkenneſs*, they will always find ſomething, with which they may gratify that vicious inclination; as the *Mahometan*, who, being debar'd from *Wine*, will have recourſe even to *Opium*, meerly for the take of being intoxicated.

GENEVA:

07—1858

GENEVA.

TO

The Right Honourable

Sir *R*— *W*—.

THY virtues O *Geneva*! yet unſung,
By antient or by modern bard, the muſe,
In verſe ſublime ſhall celebrate. And thou
O *W*—! ſtateſman moſt profound! vouchſafe
To lend a gracious ear; for fame reports,
That thou, with zeal aſſiduous, doſt attempt,
Superior to *Canary* or *Champaigne*,
Geneva ſalutiferous to enhance;
To reſcue it, from hand of porter vile,
And basket-woman, and to the bouffet
Of lady delicate, and courtier grand,
Exalt it: Well from thee may it aſſume,
The glorious modern name of *Royal* BOB!
'*O may I live to hail the day*! when thou
(Suſpending the fatigue of ſtate affairs)
Shalt make the city tour, and condeſcend
To viſit my poor manſion, and, beneath
Its humble roof, take a reviving glaſs
Of anodyne *Geneva*! Spirit pure,
With berries ſanative impregnated!
Long had the *Brewers*, with invidious eye
View'd the *Diſtillers*: frequent their attempts
Geneva to debaſe, and ALE uplift.
Contention fierce aroſe, ill conſequence
Portending. *Juſtice*, willing to decide
The cauſe, a ſpecial court conven'd. And now
The day appear'd, *the great, th' important day,*
Big with the fate of ALE, *and of* Geneva!
Within her awful court, in ſolemn pomp
Aſtrea ſits: there ſhine her ſword keen-edg'd,
And golden ballance. Yonder *Feculento*,
The genius of *Malt Liquor*, makes approach,
Puffing, and waddling on, with heavy pace:

His

His viſage bloated, his protuberant paunch,
Of ſize enormous, like the mighty tun
Of *Heidelberg*. Two dray-men, grim with yeaſt,
And clay, and grounds, th' unweildy lumpſupport.
The genius of *Geneva*, CLARA nam'd,
Succeeded him: in her right hand, a branch
Of *Juniper* ſhe bore: *Defendant* ſhe.
With croud promiſcuous, ſoon the ſpacious hall
Was fill'd; *Diſtillers*, *Brewers*, parties chief:
And ſwarms of thoſe, who groſſly BEER imbibe,
Or clear *Geneva*. Coaxing courteſans
Night wandring, vigilant in queſt of prey.
And youth bare footed, ſable veſted, who,
Hood-wink'd, intrepid, chimney foul aſcends,
With knees and ſhoulders climbing, & with bruſh
Uplifted, particles fuliginous
Precipitates. The men who rapid drive,
With *Phaeton* laſh, the foaming ſteeds
Of hackney vehicle impure. And females
Induſtrious, who with basket white as curd,
At *Leaden-hall* or *Newgate market* ply,
For honeſt livelihood. The warbling nymphs,
Who chaunt card matches in harmonious lay,
The pride of *Roſemary Lane*! And thoſe who loud,
With hoarſer tone, and mouth extendedwide,
Cry flounders, whitings, barrel-cod and ſprats;
Fiſhmongers peripatetic! Thoſe who vend,
In *Weekly Journal*, ſcandal, politics,
Religion, nonſence, treaſon morals, lies,
New ſchemes and prodigies; and who e'er long
Shall hawk this wondrous work of mine. And thoſe
Who tempting invitation give, to buy
Lemons and oranges, *Heſperian* fruit!
Whoſe grateful acid juice in china bowl
Expreſt, and there commixt with water pure,
Drawn from tranſparent ſpring, ſugar refin'd,
And BRANDY *Coniac*, *Jamaica* RUM,
Or coſtly ARRAK brought from *Batavian* ſhore,
Makes PUNCH nectareous! Princely beverage!
In days of yore unknown. Not wanted there
The laughing pert coquett, or prude demure,
Or hypocritic ſaint, or rake, or beau,
Or dextrous youth who blacks his honor's ſhoes.
Now at the bar arriv'd, the *Plantiff* belch'd,
And thus began. O *Juſtice*! canſt thou ſee
Unſhock'd, that Faurrels of *Geneva* here?
A *publick nuſance*! miſchief epidemic!——
That from *Geneva* ills * *incredible*
Proceed, is *obvious*. What debilitates

* See the Preſentment of the Grand Jury of *Middleſex*.

The

The limbs, the heal himpairs, and quick deſtroys
The conſtitution?'tis *Geneva* —— Thence
Diſeaſes iſſue, no l ſs numerous dire
And virulent than erſt (as poets ſing)
Flew from *Pandora's* box. What is it that
Enervates th' underſtanding, ſtupifies
The ſenſes, tempts the poor to be profuſe
Of time irrevocable, and to waſte
Their little ſtock of caſh, habituates
To lazineſs, debauchery, and brings
Inevitable p nury? *Geneva.*
Geneva! the pernicious origin
Of villanie ineffable! unknown
To former ages. Ruffians, by its fumes
Intoxicated, dare to perpetrate
Crimes monſtrous, deſperate, unparallel'd,
And horrible to name! Not *Mohocks* fierce,
With glaring eyes, and whiskers formidable,
Dread miſanthropes! were more tremendous, when
At dead of night, intent on miſchief, they
Itinerants nocturnal terrified.
Since evils great as theſe, inceſſant flow
From this deſtructive liquor; can we doubt
Of hearing ſentence from your judgment-ſeat,
Propitious to the *Brewers*? Thus he ſpoke,
When, from the *Brethren of the firkin*, lo!
A ſudden cloud flew up of hats, and wigs.
And greaſy caps, which darken'd all the court,
And loud acclaim, the vaulted roof rebounded.
Silence commanded; *Clara*, graceful then
Aroſe, and thus. O Goddeſs! I rejoice
That 'tis at thy tribunal I am now
To plead; for bribe or penſion never can
Have influence here; in vain, againſt the truth,
Succeſs may prejudice or party hope.
Nor need I with rhetoric flouriſhes,
Attempt the paſſions of my judge to move:
Mean artifice! and fit to work on none
But weak and little ſouls. With reaſon then,
And facts indubitable, ſhall I urge
My plea, My tumid adverſary makes
Aſſertions bold, but arguments to prove,
He offers none; and none indeed can we
Expect, from Orator who can conceive,
That things are *obvious* when *incredible*!
Fit pleader he, for articles and creeds,
And all the orthodox abſurdities
By churchmen inſtituted, and impos'd
On the weak populace. The catalogue
Of vices, which to our account he brings,
Ayails him not. We come not here to plead

The merits of Intemperance. Will ev'n he
Deny, that muddy *Beer* inebriates too?
Or can he, by the actions of a sot,
Determine, whether he *Geneva* has
Or *Beer* exceſſive drank? Alike pernicious
The conſequence of this, and that, appears.
If difference is, *Geneva* juſtly claims
Th'advantage: *This* has virtues numerous, great;
But what has *That* to boaſt of? Never yet
Did doctor ſage, in learned Recipe,
Preſcribe *Malt liquor*; but, with caution wiſe,
Debar'd the patient from it. Who would think,
An advocate for *Ale*, ſhould e'er complain,
That dram ſalubrious robs the labouring poor,
Of time and money? When the loſs of time
Is greater, greater is th'expence by far,
Malt liquor to conſume. The market woman,
With basket on her head, can take a glaſs,
Preſervative from all th' inclemencies
of weather; ſhort the interruption is,
And ſmall the charge. But he, diſaſtrous wight!
Whom to an *Alehouſe*, fate malignant brings;
Squanders unwarily, the little *all*,
On which his half-ſtarv'd family depends:
One pot ſucceeds another; company,
And cards and dice, skettles and ſhuffle-board,
Engage his hours: or he, decoy'd perhaps
By wheedling punk, to private room retires:
No *ſplendid ſhilling*, then his purſe retains;
And well he fares too, if he but eſcapes
Itch Neapolitan. Not ſo the offices
That vend *Geneva*, to the publick view
They ſtand expos'd; apartments moſt unfit
For crimes infandous. Never to this hour,
Did pathics vile, deteſtable, ſelect
Such place, a wickedneſs to perpetrate,
Shocking to nature. No—Recels obſcure,
In *Alehouſe* blind, they ſeek. Then robbery,
Treaſon and murder, devaſtation wild,
And perſecution, monſter horrible!
Prime miniſter of hell! to liberty,
To virtue, reaſon, truth, and every good,
Foe moſt implacable! has every age
Produc'd, even when *Geneva* was unknown.
Thoſe vices then, ſome other origin,
Whate'er it was, muſt have. That what gave birth
To them, the preſent vices did produce,
Moſt natural is to think.
All bounteous haven
Beſtows no bleſſing but may be abus'd,
Geneva not excepted: And ſhall we,

In

In order theſe abuſes to reform,
The bleſſing extirpate? Or is it more
Becoming beings, rational and juſt,
T' inflict the puniſhment on none but who
Are culpable?---But men have been transform'd
To brutes, by this deſtructive liquor—True.
And men have by deſtructive Razors, had
Their wind pipes cut. And muſt not tonſor then
Be ſuffer'd, razor keen to wield, when he
On chin fecundous depredation makes?

If ſome, grown fond of phyſic, will exceed
The doſe preſcrib'd, and finiſh thus their lives:
Will he, whoſe ſenſes are not quite deprav'd,
Blame medicine for this? Call it deſtructive
To human conſtitution? Yet he may,
As juſtly, as my foe abdominous
Exclaims againſt *Geneva*.

Great NASSAU!
Immortal name! *Britain*'s deliverer
From ſlavery, from wooden ſhoes and chains,
Dungeons and fire! Attendants on the ſway
Of tyrant bigotted, and zeal accurſt
Of holy butchers, prelates inſolent,
Deſpotic and blood thirſty! He who did
Expiring liberty revive! Who wrought
Salvation wondrous! Godlike hero! He
It was, who, to compleat our happineſs,
With liberty reſtor'd, *Geneva* introduc'd!

O *Britons*! O my countrymen! can you
To glorious *William* now commence ingrates,
And ſpurn his aſhes? Can you vilify
The ſovereign cordial he has pointed out,
Which by your own miſconduct only, can
Prove detrimental? Martial *William* drank
Geneva, yet no age could ever boaſt
A braver prince than he. Within his breaſt
Glow'd every royal virtue: Little ſign,
O genius of *Malt liquor*! that *Geneva*
Debilitates the limbs, the health impairs
And mind enervates Men for learning fam'd,
And skill in medicine, preſcrib'd it then
Frequent in Recipe: nor did it want
Succeſs, to recommend its virtues vaſt,
To late poſterity.

Hail *Juniper*!
Sacred to *Phœbus*! Poiſon, peſtilence,
And all contagion, all the effects we dread
From bite of ſerpent venemous, retreat
At thy approach precipitant. To thee
Their preſervation from infection, owe
The crouded jails, and ſuburbs of the town,

Where privies overflow, and common ſewers;
And dogs half putrify'd offenſive lie;
And ſhambles fraught with offals, blood and filth,
Emit ſtench'rid, moſt abominable.
When *Holland'r*, by drinking *Beer* impure,
Iſchuria torturing, or ſtrangury ſharp,
Groans under; what is't preſerves his life?
Geneva diuretic, pregnant with
Detergent ſalts: this gives a paſſage free
To fluid excrementitious. When the ſtone,
Or gravel, cauſe excruciating pain,
'Tis this, affords relief miraculous.
Carminative ſuperior, greater too
To gnawing cholick, nature never yet
Brought forth. When e'er the overflowing gall,
Tinctures *Corinna* with a ſaffron hue,
Geneva, in the biliary canals
Removes th'obſtruction, and her bloom returns.
If fits convulſive ſeize; or if conſumptions,
The human fabrick waſte; or epilepſy
Sudden attacks the ſenſes; palſy ſhakes,
Or chilling ague; to the patient let
Geneva be adminiſtred; ſucceſs
Stupendious will enſue. Friend to the ſight,
The optic nerves it fortifies: and adds
Strength to the limbs and brain; the appetite
Deprav'd reſtores: ſubmiſſive to its power
The aſthma yields. Would my antagoniſt,
Hydroptick as he is, but have recourſe
To this for help, that monſtrous bulk of his,
Would quickly be to proper ſize reduc'd.
This warms the heart, and this exhilerates
The Spirits, when depreſt with care and grief.

These, are but few of the vaſt benefits,
Afflicted mankind to *Geneva* owe,
When not by groſs intemperance abus'd.
But time would fail me, to enumerate
Its virtues manifold. My opponent,
Has not one virtue in *Malt liquor* ſhewn.
The miſchiefs he complains of, not affect
Geneva, to *Geneva* not peculiar,
But common to intemperance; and may
Even with advantage, be to *Ale* apply'd.
To thy deciſion righteous goddeſs! now,
Dreadleſs I leave the merits of my cauſe
She ſpoke. Her golden ſcales *Aſtræa*, then
Uprais'd; in one, *Geneva*'s merits plac'd:
The merits of *Malt Liquor*, t'other held:
The latter, quick flew up, and kick'd the beam.

FINIS.